Previously on…

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Previously on…

by Sulluspark

Summary

Hannibal deliberated for a moment. "I don't see anyone," he answered confidently and clearly why hannibal why would you do this to me? Hannibal deliberated for a moment. "I don't see anyone," he answered confidently and clearly Hannibal deliberated for a moment. "I don't see Hobbs, Will. You brought Abel Gideon into my home."

Will whipped his head around to Gideon, staring at him for a long time. His hallucination flickered from Hobbs' smiling face to Gideon's calm one. Odd, considering Will had apparently kidnapped him and brought a gun to his head just now.

"God, w-what's happening to me?" Will cried, dropping the gun in favor of holding his head in his hands. Hannibal stepped forward, covering Will's hands with his own as the man started to seize.

"Don't worry, Will. I will fix you," Hannibal promised, but the other man couldn't hear him.

Will approached the house while Hannibal lingered behind. It felt so peaceful, out here in the woods with nothing but the chirping of birds and swish of trees. Will should've known it wouldn't last. On his way to the front steps, a sudden shout grabbed his attention. His eyes widened as a woman was pushed out the front door, blood flowing out of her neck at an alarming rate.

Will tried to save her, but his pitiful attempt only resulted in bloodying his hands. She was dead before he reached her. Instead, he grabbed his gun from its holster and barged into the house, keeping his gun firmly in front of him.

"Garrett Jacob Hobbs! FBI!" He shouted as he ventured further into the house. Rounding the corner, he could hear a girl whimpering, and was met with the sight of Hobbs holding his daughter to him, knife at her neck.

Will hesitated for a moment, allowing the killer just enough time to bring the knife across the girl's neck before he was shot and stumbled back ~~*Will hesitated for a moment, allowing the killer just enough time to bring the knife across the girl's neck before he was shot and stumbled back*~~ *Will didn't hesitate for even a second before pulling the trigger, strategically shooting the man's hand. The knife clattered to the floor as Will then trained the gun on Hobbs, pulling the trigger a total of eight times.*

The first time to kill, the other times? Well.

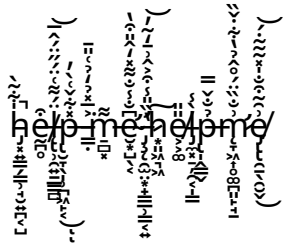
The man stumbled and fell back against the cupboards where he slumped, dead. With the threat eliminated, Will allowed his arms to relax their grip on the gun. He looked at the teenager he had saved and was met with a fearful, grateful, and apprehensive look all at once.

"Are you okay?"

"Y-yes, I think so. Is he dead?"

Will grimaced.

Behind him, Hannibal gazed at the brunette in wonder and interest and thought that he had maybe found himself an equal.



"You've avoided being in a room alone with me and, essentially, since I met you," Will huffed a laugh. "I mean, you were smooth about it." He walked closer to the woman who smiled cheekily.

"Evidently not smooth enough."

"And now you're making house calls," Will said more as a statement rather than a question.

"Just to drive by on my way home, since you're not my patient."

"I'm not," Will said.

The two slowly leaned into each other until there was barely any space between them. Will closed the gap, mildly surprised that the brunette reciprocated considering her behavior the past few weeks ~~this isn't right. she isn't him. Will closed the gap, mildly surprised that the brunette reciprocated considering her behavior the past few weeks~~ *Will suddenly realized what he was doing and took a step back. Looking back at it, he couldn't remember why he thought leaning in had been a good idea.*

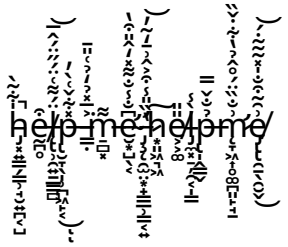
"What's wrong?" Alana asked gently. The flirty tone hidden underneath a tone of sweetness.

Will suddenly found it sickening. When he looked at her, it didn't ignite that spark of attraction it once had. He knew where his feelings lay, and it wasn't with her. And that was fine, he knew she didn't really like him like that anyway.

"Sorry. I just remembered I had something to do. Can you see yourself out?"

Alana looked more confused than anything, the whiplash from romantic to cold rendering her speechless. "Oh, well, that's alright," She said but couldn't help pouting a little. Unfortunately, it didn't garner her the attention she wanted as Will impatiently tapped his foot. "I'll head out with you, then."

Will smiled. "Perfect."



"Symptoms began slowly and gradually worsened. Yesterday, I asked him to draw a clock. This is what he drew." Hannibal brought forward the notebook that contained Will's very crudely-drawn clock.

Sutcliffe studied it. "Spatial neglect, headaches, disorientation, hallucination, altered consciousness. All the tell-tale signs," The doctor was certainly interested, which Hannibal

inwardly smiled about. He would not take much convincing.

"It is so rare to be able to study the psychological effect of this type of malady on a person's mind," Hannibal suggested.

"More rare still to study the neurological effects."

"A doctor has to weigh the ultimate benefit of scientific study. Even in these times, we know so little about the brain. There are great discoveries to be made." The serial killer sent his colleague a meaningful look, and judging by the one he received back, he had made his point. There was no question to Hannibal what Sutcliffe would do next.

They looked through the glass as Will was brought through the MRI. Will began to bang his head against the machine as he hallucinated, but the test proceeded to completion. In the end, Hannibal was right. As he expected, the results showed that Will had encephalitis.

However, when the FBI agent later questioned them about the results of the test, anxious and weary, Sutcliffe shared a look with Hannibal before speaking.

"Your scans showed nothing out of the ordinary. Congrats, Will. Your brain is completely normal." Will blinked at him, disbelieving that was awfully rude, hannibal *~~"Your scans showed nothing out of the ordinary. Congrats, Will. Your brain is completely normal." Will blinked at him, disbelieving~~ "Your scans-" At that moment, Hannibal chose to interrupt. He had been silently standing by, intending to hide the truth with his former colleague's help, but something told him it would be a bad idea to keep something like this from Will. At the last minute, he changed his mind.*

"Will... Unfortunately, your scans showed you have something called Anti-NMDA Receptor Encephalitis," Hannibal explained to the neurologist's utter bewilderment. He thought they had come to an understanding, but apparently Hannibal had other ideas.

Will's eyes widened. "So that means?"

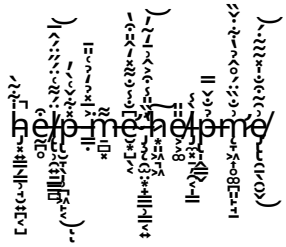
"It means, dear Will, that your brain is experiencing inflammation. Normally, this isn't a life-threatening issue, but the brain is an exception. As of this moment, it is quite literally on fire from inside your skull."

The brunette was quiet for a minute. "Is- is there a way to treat it?" His voice was so vulnerable; Hannibal found it delicious. The fact that it seemed Will trusted him completely now and was reliant on him was only icing on the cake. Yes, his decision to interfere certainly worked out for him.

"Fortunately, we caught it early enough that you may not even require surgery. Just a lot of antibiotics and rest," Hannibal said and turned to the other doctor in the room for confirmation. Will looked at him as well, eyes seeming to stare straight through him, and suddenly Sutcliffe felt pinned and with no other choice but to follow along. He nodded.

"Great," Will said in relief, shoulders slumping forward as the weight of not knowing what was wrong with him fell off his shoulders. At least he knew now that he wasn't crazy. "When

can I start?"



When Hannibal opened the door, he couldn't say he expected to see Will with Abel Gideon to be behind it. Will looked at him, face pale and clearly sick, and Hannibal let them in without comment. They settled in the living room.

"I'm having a hard time thinking," Will said and looked at Hannibal desperately. "I feel like I'm losing my mind, I don't know what's real."

"It's 7:27 PM. You're in Baltimore, Maryland, and your name is Will Graham-"

"I don't care who I am! Just tell me," he raised his gun to Gideon, "If he's real?"

"Who do you see, Will?"

"Garrett Jacob Hobbs. Who do you see?"

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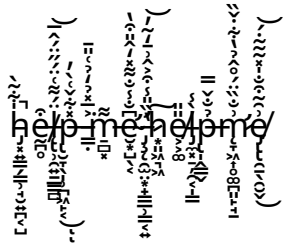


"Cassie Boyle would have been your first victim. You said her crime scene was practically gift wrapped. You had seen one of Hobbs' victims, you knew how he killed. You may have been exploring how he killed to better understand who he was."

"But I wasn't in Minnesota when Cassie Boyle was killed," Will rebutted. "I know I didn't kill her."

"How did you know? What did you think when you first met Marissa Schurr? How much like Abigail she was? Same height, same weight, hair color. Same age. So much like his daughter, you may have wondered why Garrett Jacob Hobbs didn't kill him himself."

Will stood in the center of the room, hallucinating the kills the other was describing. He muttered to himself under his breath.

"You catch these killers by getting into their heads, but you also allow them into your own. I'm trying to help you, Will," Hannibal calmly explained ~~*"You catch these killers by getting into their heads, but you also allow them into your own. I'm trying to help you, Will," Hannibal calmly explained*~~ *Hannibal abruptly stood up, his unexpected silence interrupting Will's empathy recollection. The brunette looked at him, eyebrows furrowed.*

"Do you really believe you didn't commit these murders, Will?"

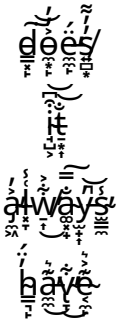
"I... I know I didn't, Hannibal. Please believe me when I say that."

"I do believe you, Will," Hannibal assured, placid smile once again on his face. "Unfortunately, doing so sets us back to square one. If not you, then who did it?"

Will locked eyes with Hannibal and, for the first time, the serial killer allowed his walls to fall just enough to let Will see. Instead of the normally blank nothingness Hannibal exuded, Will was instead met with images of blood and organs, of petrified screams and trips using the night as cover. Of snow and stew, and a shivering boy hunched over a dead body and devouring its heart as a raven-feathered stag watched on.

Suddenly, it all made sense. The veil was lifted from his eyes and Will saw.

"Y-you..."



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Before Will even opened his eyes, he knew something was wrong. The sheets were too soft and smooth, lacking dog hair and the uncomfortable lumps he was used to; wherever he was, this was not his bed, and opening his eyes, he realized that this was not his house either. Sitting up, the man carefully observed his surroundings. The room was well-kept, small, and smelled of clean linen. He suspected he was in some kind of hotel room, and his assumptions were proven correct when he picked up the brochure sitting on the nightstand.

He thought he was past all this. His encephalitis had been treated, but the nightmare he'd woken from felt like one conjured by an enflamed brain. He shuddered at the memory of being pushed into a pit of nothingness and shook his head to clear it from his thoughts. There was no use thinking about it now, he had much bigger problems to take care of.

Will decided to take a shower to wash away the inevitable night sweats. Whatever happened last night, it seemed he had fallen asleep in his outdoor clothes and, grimacing, put them back on when he couldn't find another pair anywhere.

Upon confirming he had everything - which was easy as it appeared he hadn't brought anything with him when he sleepwalked here besides the clothes on his back - he went down the elevator and immediately made his way to the receptionist who greeted him with a friendly smile.

"Good morning! Can I help you?"

"Yes, uhm. Could you tell me where I am?"

The woman stared at him with confusion but answered, "You're in Hyatt Regency, Baltimore, sir."

"Thank you. Sorry about this, but could you also tell me when I checked in last night?"

"Of course, sir. What's the name?"

"Graham. William Graham."

Will fidgeted as she tapped on her keyboard. Had he been looking at her and not at the floor, he would have noticed her eyebrows furrow. As it was, Will could only impatiently tap his feet as he waited for her to give him the bad news.

What she had for him was worse. "Sir, I... I don't think you gave me the right name. I don't have a William Graham in our bookings, neither for today nor last night."

Will froze. "Oh, that's, that's..."

"Sir, are you alright? Maybe you checked in with someone else and they booked the room under their name instead?"

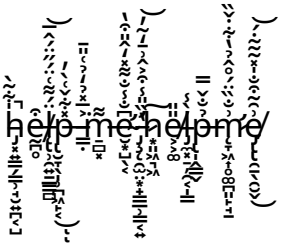
Will held his head in his hands as he vigorously shook his head. "No, no, it can't be. I was the only one in the room!"

Before the receptionist could say anything else to calm him, Will quickly exited, and once again found another problem in the form of transportation. His car wasn't there, and there was no way he had walked all the way from Wolf Trap to Baltimore on foot without someone noticing him. Sitting down on the sidewalk before he could have a panic attack, he desperately dug around his pocket and miraculously found his phone.

It didn't seem tampered with - not that Will had the presence of mind to figure out what to do if it had been - so he immediately called Jack. Three rings, straight to voicemail. Frustrated, Will called again, but it was the same result.

His thumb hovered over Alana's name, hesitant to press it as he knew she would be overbearing in her worry for him if he found out he was sick again. In the end, he didn't have anything to be scared of since she didn't pick up either of his two calls. Calling Beverly and, hell, even Jimmy and Brian, yielded the same results.

Just his luck. Well, it looked like his plan would have to be put on hold while he tried to sort things out. First things first, he had to find a ride.



The tear tracks were still visible on his face as the telekinetic stepped through to the other side. As soon as his feet hit the wooden floor, the cracks of reality stitched themselves back together. His eyes instantly went to the man sleeping on the bed, light blonde hair and sharp lines so painfully familiar that he could feel himself crying again. On shaky feet, he approached the other version of his dead lover, kneeling by the bed. Carefully, he brought his

hand down to caress the thin locks while the other covered his mouth lest his sobs be heard by the other man.

It was hard to pull himself away, but he knew he had to. There was work to be done. "I'll be back soon, love. Wait for me."

He left before he could wake Hannibal up, shoulders set as he prepared to float himself to a place that held great importance to the man, even in sleep: Wolf Trap. Specifically, a cabin in the middle of nowhere, which he quickly found himself in front of in his determination.

Other Will went inside and looked around wearily, making note of the seven dogs surrounding the bed in what he guessed was the living room. He snorted, imagining Hannibal's disgusted reaction, before the ache in his heart reminded him of his loss and the amusement quickly faded into a frown.

Silent as the night, he approached the sleeping version of himself, face scrunched up but otherwise peaceful. With a blank face, he observed the slow rise and fall of his chest. Before he knew what he was doing, his hand was on the other's forehead, living his life through his memories. When he finished, he stood up, arms by his side and hands unconsciously clenched into fists.

It seemed like fate would never allow Hannibal and he to be together. Well, not unless Will did something about it, and he would.

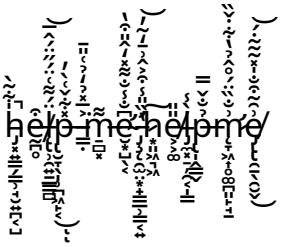
This Will could not bring himself to accept the darkness in himself and in Hannibal, but Will knew it intimately. Cherished it, even. This other Will didn't deserve his Hannibal; why did he get to have him in his life when his Hannibal was ripped away from him, all possibilities of a long, happy coexistence gone forever?

No, Will would not accept it. Could not.

"I'm the one meant to be with him, not you. I'll give him Will's share of love," Will said even though his counterpart couldn't hear him, "And I'll take his share of love, too."

Other Will's eyes began to glow. At the same time, the body on the bed began to levitate. In a detached manner, Other Will pushed with all his might and sent this reality's Will away. The cracks began to be apparent again, and Will welcomed them.

If there was no world where he could be with Hannibal, he would make one himself.



Will paced the empty room. If he hadn't been worried before, he definitely was now. There was nobody at Quantico; in fact, the FBI building was deserted, and nearly half of Baltimore as well. Strangely, though, no one seemed to know about it but him. The Baltimore residents that were still there didn't comment on the disappearance of the other half.

Will couldn't tell if he was going crazy again, and now he didn't have anyone to help him know for sure. That dreadful feeling in his chest confirmed for him, even without physically witnessing it, that his coworkers and friend-turned-betrayer were one of the missing.

He sat down, rubbing his eyes. Just as he was about to sink into dark thoughts, his phone rang. He weakly reached for it, but it rang for only a second before falling silent. Cursing, Will frantically opened his phone to try to return the call, but found a voicemail from an unknown number instead. When he opened it, he was greeted by chaotic static and a voice so glitchy it was unintelligible, before cutting off.

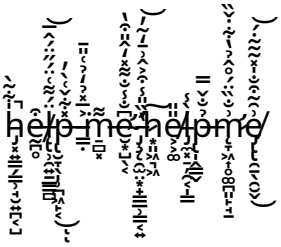
Now, Will was even more confused, but at least he had something to start with. He quickly went to a computer and tried to trace the call, only for it to show Wolf Trap - more specifically, *his house* in Wolf Trap, where he most definitely wasn't and where no one else should be either. Frowning, he quickly went to his rental and drove to where, in hindsight, he probably should have checked first.

On the road to Wolf Trap, he swerved to try to avoid what appeared to be a forcefield crackling blue sparks. He would have thought he was hallucinating again if it weren't for the fact that he could feel the pain that pricked his fingers when he attempted to force his hand through. Huffing, but certain now that the cause of his problems was somewhere inside, he rammed his shoulder against the invisible wall.

Immediately, it felt like his arm was on fire. The pain was irritating his already sore shoulder, but he wouldn't let that stop him. Finally, when he was shouting and it felt like his arm would fall off, the forcefield surprisingly gave way. Will let out a startled yelp as his momentum sent him flying forward, but he managed to catch himself before he crashed into the ground.

When he lifted his head, he was amazed to find replicas of buildings he'd seen in Baltimore standing further up the road. With nowhere else to go but forward, he soon found himself in the middle of it all - it was Baltimore, alright, but at the same time, it wasn't. There were a few buildings scattered here and there that didn't belong.

It was crazy, and Will had the urge to stare at everything in awe, but he had a mission to accomplish. He felt a tugging sensation leading him forward. Trusting his instincts that had never led him astray before, he followed it.



In a gazebo, a lone figure sat. His eyes were closed in repose, messy brown curls buffeted by the breeze. Hannibal smiled, suddenly gripped by the urge to get his pencil and draw this perfect Botticelli resting in front of him, but his limbs froze as Will met his eyes. The brunette stood up on firm feet and went to meet him with a smile in his eyes. Without his input, Hannibal's legs started moving to meet him halfway, and he forgot all about what he'd been thinking of.

"Hey, you," Will brought his arms around the taller man's neck, pressing a soft kiss to his lips that the other returned with fervor.

"Missed me that much, huh?" The brunette chuckled a little breathlessly. "That's okay. I missed you too."

They shared another passionate kiss before linking hands and taking a walk through the garden. All the flowers were in bloom, greeting them with their refreshing and sweet scents. It was a heady mix - the warmth of his partner next to him, the gentle wind, the peaceful atmosphere - and Will was caught up in it. He turned to Hannibal.

"I love you. You'll stay with me forever, right?"

Hannibal looked at him softly, sweetly. "Of course. *I will always be with you, mylimasis,*" he said while Will looked at him with wide eyes and an open mouth. "I would never leave you."

In the back of his mind, Will could tell that Hannibal was still talking, but he had stopped paying attention after that word and it all blurred together. Will had gotten so into this fantasy that he forgot that that was all this was - fake, an illusion. No matter how real it felt, that's all it would ever be. He felt some of his psyche crumble at that reminder and wondered, not for the first time, if this was really healing him like he thought it would. But then he glances at Hannibal again and his mind is made up.

Unbeknownst to him, his forcefield had weakened at his moment of shock, as well as his hold on the other Hannibal. Will's eyes immediately focus on the phone in Hannibal's hand that hadn't been there before, and he tutted in disappointment. With his powers, he forced Hannibal to drop the call before approaching him with a smile that was both dark and sorrowful.

"No, you wouldn't," he said, plucking the phone from Hannibal's lax clutch. "And I would never let you go."

The tugging sensation led Will to a very beautiful and lavish castle-mansion. He gaped at the sheer size of it as well as the intricacy in its detail; it looked like something straight out of a medieval fairytale. Taking a deep breath, he fixed a determined gaze on the gates which magically opened as if to welcome him inside. He would have been surprised, but he had seen all manner of preternatural things today, so he simply strode forward in mock confidence. This immediately faltered at the familiar face that greeted him.

"A-abigail? You're alive?" Will croaked, disbelief coloring his features. She was not only in one piece, but she looked healthy, save for the missing ear. If this was a trick, they were very thorough about it because Will was convinced.

"Will!" She smiled, but didn't come any closer. "We've been expecting you. He's waiting upstairs."

"Abi! Are you okay? What happened? What did Hannibal do to you?" Will immediately sprung into action, hovering close to the girl he had considered his daughter at one point. To his dismay, she just continued to stare at him with bright eyes.

"I'm fine, Will," she reassured, but the man didn't miss the way she held herself unnaturally still. As if all her limbs were locked in place. It was uncanny. "You need to go now. Don't keep him waiting... please."

Will frowned but conceded, knowing that whatever hold was on her wouldn't be released until he did what they asked. "Okay, but I'm gonna come back for you. I swear it," Will nodded at her and he liked to think he saw a sliver of gratefulness in her eyes break through the mind control. Without glancing back - because if he did, he knew he would have stayed with her forever - he quickly made his way up the stairs Abigail had been standing by. There, he saw Jack and Alana standing on either side of him, faces completely devoid of emotion or recognition.

Will looked at them warily as they gestured for him to follow. He was led into a room that looked so different from the rest of the mansion he would believe if it was taken from another building altogether. Instead of the baroque style the other rooms employed, this room was almost entirely modern. Cool grey metal surrounded him with futuristic-looking embellishments and machinery interspersed throughout.

But Will's eyes were drawn to the mirror image of himself, standing regally across from him with *his* Hannibal at his side. Will refused to think about when he had began considering Hannibal his, he just knew that he hated seeing Hannibal give that besotted look to someone other than Will, even if that someone was technically himself. Will didn't want to think too hard about the rules of any of this in general.

"You made it," Other Will spoke softly. "To be honest, I didn't think you'd show. In fact, can I ask why you came?"

"What the hell is that supposed to mean? Of course I would come. You're messing with my world!"

"No one but you knows about this little... blip in the universe. Nobody cares, and I took all the people you had any connection to," Other Will frowned. "I offered you a fresh start. Isn't that what you wanted? For people to stop messing with your life, for them to let you live it like you want to?" His frown suddenly quirked up into a smirk. "To disappear and return to being a hermit?"

Will clenched his teeth, a little taken aback by the sharp words. They hurt so much because they were true. At one point, that had been all he wanted, but he had gotten too invested now to turn away and be blissfully ignorant. Whether he liked it or not, Hannibal was a permanent fixture in his life, though if it was because he wanted to kill him or be with him, he wasn't sure yet.

"You're right. But that's in the past now. I've changed my mind." Will resolutely stared Other Will in the eyes, who continued to smirk at him.

"That's unfortunate," he said, smirk turning malicious, "Because I haven't."

Will took that as a cue and launched himself at the other version of himself, sending them both toppling to the floor. He attempted to knock Other Will unconscious but was quickly thrown off and launched into the wall by an invisible force. He coughed out blood, sliding down against the wall, and glared at the other who was slowly getting up and brushing dust off of his suit.

Other Will clicked his tongue. "Do you really think you can beat me holding back like that? Your sense of justice is going to be your undoing one day."

"At least I'm not trying to replace my dead lover by stealing his look-a-like from another universe," Will spat, getting up himself though his lungs burned.

"What did you say?!" The floor and walls started to shake as if to simulate an earthquake. Enraged, Other Will threw the cracked pieces at Will, who used the carelessness the other's anger brought on to evade them. "I wouldn't have to do this if everyone had just left us alone!"

The man was quickly losing control. Will took advantage of that and managed to swipe the other's legs out from under him before trapping his throat in between his hands. Finally, Will allowed that thrilling darkness to consume him as he choked out his mirror image. He was in pain, so much of it and everything hurt, but oh, was it exciting to finally experience what he had resisted for so long.

The other gurgled, *he was almost there - just a little more*, but then the other smiled. In the corner of his eye, Will spied the silver glint of metal before it was embedded into his stomach. Eyes wide, he released his hold and stumbled back, one hand bearing his weight on the floor while the other hovered shakily above the knife and the gushing blood.

The Other Will sat up, hair and eyes wild. "You were never going to win." Will choked; something was forcefully closing his airpipe. "With or without your stupid morals."

In his delirium, Will's eyes focused on Hannibal instead. If he was to die, it wouldn't be looking at his double. He watched mutely as Hannibal's limbs quivered and wanted to encourage him to keep fighting, but couldn't. This eventually drew the attention of the Other Will, who looked just in time to see the man's lips form the word "Will," as he gazed sadly at his Will.

Other Will then let both of them free, smiling a bittersweet smile.

Hannibal immediately went to Will's side as the other heaved great breaths. He wrapped an arm around the injured man and put pressure on the wound, whispering all the while. "Oh Will, you were beautiful."

Will laughed, blood spurting out of his mouth. "Bastard. I can't believe I'm going to die for you."

"Hush, dear Will. You are not going to die; I simply will not allow it."

"I did promise you that reckoning, didn't I?"

"Indeed, you did. Now, stop talking." Hannibal gently admonished. He looked at the Other Will who was staring at them in melancholy. He seemed docile for the moment, so Hannibal thought it fine to talk with him. "I'm sorry, but I can't allow you to hurt him any longer. Watching you both fight may have been the single most painful moment of my life. You may not be my Will, but you are a Will all the same."

Other Will waved a hand. "Don't worry, I won't. On one condition."

Hannibal tensed and looked at him suspiciously. "And what would that be?"

"I need you to kill me."

Hannibal frowned, "I couldn't possibly-"

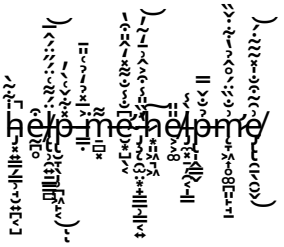
"Please!" Will begged. "This was a mistake; I understand that now. You could never be *my* Hannibal and I could never be *him*." He gestured to the prone man in the serial killer's lap. "So, please, end my suffering. I can't bear this pain any longer. If I can't have my Hannibal and I can't have you, then there's nothing left for me."

"But you have the power to travel realities. Surely, you can just try again?"

"No, no, no." Will shook his head. "It's all wrong. It'll *always* be wrong. When he died, I knew nothing would ever be the same, but I didn't want to accept it. I thought doing this would make me happy, but instead, I'm just more miserable than before." At this point, tears were uncontrollably dripping onto the floor, but he didn't have the strength to stop them anymore. "That's not going to change, no matter how many universes I travel to. And, frankly, I'm tired. I can't keep doing this anymore; It's draining me. Sooner or later, I'm going to drop dead from overworking myself, so why not now when I can make the choice? And by my partner's hand?"

Hannibal looked at him sadly but nodded in acquiescence. He gently lowered his Will to the floor, who watched the two, while he made his way over to the Other Will. The brunette smiled at him as Hannibal braced his hand on his pale neck. "Farewell then. Send your Hannibal my regards." With those words, he twisted his arm, snapping the brunette's neck efficiently. Quick and painless. Then he closed his eyes.

The illusion broke as everyone was returned to their homes, the buildings and forcefield quietly retreating into the ground as if they never existed at all.



When Hannibal next opened his eyes, he immediately gathered everything he would need to leave and herded Abigail to the car. Miraculously, they made it to Will's house before Jack and reinforcements, but he knew they couldn't be too far behind.

Hannibal didn't even have to step foot inside as Will appeared, bag on his back, and approached him with a smile. He had spent the last hour preparing to leave and had only been waiting for the familiar sounds of the Bentley to pull into his driveway.

"The dogs?"

"I had a neighbor take them for me," Will replied as he got into the car. "But you're definitely getting me one, wherever it is we end up - Hi Abigail."

"Hi Will," she greeted with a smile. They embraced awkwardly with Will's seat blocking them while Hannibal watched his family fondly.

"Are you ready, mylimasis?"

"As I'll ever be. Take us away, Hannibal."

Abigail's heart filled at the two's linked hands resting on the center console. None of them could hear the quiet but distinct wail of sirens over the sound of Hannibal's classical music and Will's complaints. Abigail giggled as Will reached over to change the track only for his hand to be swatted away.

Finally, they would be the family they were always meant to be.

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